

## Over the Radio Phone To-Night

Margery Wells Talks on Fashions.  
Hear Her—Then Read R. Article

On This Page Next Monday

## How Do You Run Your Home?

## YOU—AND THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

Are You a TELEPHONE WIFE?—Do You Keep the H. C. of L. Up by Phoning for Celery in May and Radishes in October, and by Making the Grocery Boy Come Twelve Blocks to Deliver a Loaf of Bread?

By Christine Frederick.  
Household Efficiency Expert,  
Author of "Household Engineering."

NOW, don't think I'm going to talk about foreign credits, or gold inflation, or bankers, or anything else usually connected with the cause of the poor little H. C. of L. No, you'll be shocked when you hear that I think that YOU are his foster-mother and are to blame in a large part for his giving the world so much trouble! Did you ever think that the way you buy, and what you buy, and especially what kinds of goods you demand from the dealer have much to do with bringing up the cost of living and prices?

Who sets prices? YOU, in large measure, by your demand, or your asking for certain goods, and particularly because of some of the bad habits you have as women purchasers. Do you know that the American woman spends not less than \$20,000 a minute? Yes, and because she buys goods to this immense value she is a big factor in the dealer's cost of doing business.

Are YOU a "TELEPHONE WIFE"—the kind of woman who phones for celery in May and radishes in October? Who makes the poor grocery boy come twelve blocks to deliver a quarter pound of butter or a can of peas or only a loaf of bread, which you should have ordered in the morning?

Surely I don't need to prove that the store that is forced to maintain expensive delivery cars, that you insist shall send a man away out to your home with a package of spoons costing only a few cents, or that you ask to expensively wrap and box every article sent home to you, must CHARGE for it. And, of course, the person he must charge is YOU!

The "TELEPHONE WIFE" often asks for unreasonable goods at higher prices; she offers a strong temptation to the dealer to send her a larger quantity or a more expensive quality when she orders. And, as I say, she is largely to blame for the excessive delivery service which adds 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. to the store's cost of doing business. There is a wise use of the telephone, of course, and legitimate delivery service, but I advise you to stop being a TELEPHONE WIFE if you want to help lower the H. C. of L.

The "C. O. D. WIFE" is just as bad. Perhaps you and I are that kind. We see two chiffon waists, both charming, and so we say to the clerk: "Just sent them both home C. O. D."

Now, why can't we make up our minds which waist we like at the time? Why do we have to ask the store to box both these waists, make out double checks and send their man in an auto away out to 200th Street, or even Lonesomehurst, L. I. (and we may not be at home, either) just because we can't or don't or won't make up our minds on the spot? Yes, and supposing we keep the yellow

one, but send the green waist back? Then it must go through at least eight or ten hands before it is finally returned to its department, and all this labor costs the firm money, a cost which they have to charge you for! I have no patience, I am frank to say, with the abuse of a C. O. D. privilege; and personally, if I were running a store, I wouldn't allow this costly habit, because it is an unnecessary expense to the store and because it makes you pay more for what you buy.

Did you ever think you were the purchasing agent of your home?

That means the person who does all the buying. Every big hotel and club, every factory, every manufacturer, has a person whose sole work it is to study the market and buy at the lowest values, and in such quantity that the best price is obtainable. I'll tell you, being a purchasing agent is a profession. And yet very often after one of my lectures a woman comes up to me and says: "Mrs. Frederick, I'm only a housekeeper." Do you think the men who are purchasing agents of a large hotel or any other institution ever look woebegone and apologetic, and omeoan: "Oh, I'm only a purchasing agent?" No, much, they stick out their chests, strut about and proudly inform every one: "You know, I'm the purchasing agent of the Lulu Hotel, and you bet we're going to spend some money this year." And you feel from the way he says it that he thinks it's the biggest job going. That's the attitude I'd like most housekeepers to take!

How many wives and housekeepers are always longing "to be out in business." But I ask, "Why not run your home like a business?" Why, for example, does Elsie Smith feel terribly satisfied with her job of buyer at a department store? I am glad she is, only I can't understand when she becomes Mrs. John Perkins and has to buy for her own home department store, why she isn't equally proud of her job. Can it be possible that it is more worthy to save for an employer than it is to be an expert buyer for yourself?

If you don't believe women are the

Mrs. Christine Frederick Asks:

Are You a C. O. D. WIFE?—Do You Order Two Chiffon Waists Sent Home C. O. D. Instead of Choosing at the Store Which Would Save Time and Labor Costs for Which the Store Has to Charge Through Its Prices?

greatest buyers. Listen to this. These figures are from a series of investigations made recently in which I sent out questions to over a thousand homemakers:

Women alone buy 87.5 per cent. of raw and market products.  
Women alone buy 96.2 per cent. of all household furnishings.  
Women alone buy 49.4 per cent. of the drugs.

Women alone buy 47.3 per cent. of hardware.  
Women alone buy 76 per cent. of all clothing.

Indeed, tell your husbands I said that the only things men buy alone are 26 per cent. of the blooded dogs, 23 per cent. of the newspapers, 30 per cent. of the phonographs, 62 per cent. of boxed candy and 96 per cent. of women's silk stockings.

Don't ask for out-of-season goods, particularly in foods, but select the

food which is at the height of its perfection or most plentiful at this particular season, as it will be the most valuable and the cheapest; plan your marketing and make a careful shopping list; shop and market personally if you can; or send in your order early so the dealer will need to make only one delivery. Don't abuse this wonderful habit of sending C. O. D.; make a business of comparing prices, understanding values, and buying when the market is lowest; be familiar with the tests of how to tell pure wool, and recognize linen from cotton; put your faith in reliable brands and trade marked merchandise.

YOU, Mrs. Housekeeper, are the purchasing agent of the home, the P. A. of the biggest business in the world—ARE YOU ON THE JOB? Articles by Mrs. Frederick are published on this page of The Evening World three days each week.

## The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

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AN UNEXPECTED CALLER.

PEGGY felt no regret over the fact that Harrison Townley had passed out of her life forever. In rejecting his offer of marriage she

instinctively felt that she had done the right thing. After he left her she remained curled up in the corner of the divan and calmly thought over all that had passed between them. He himself had seen the tears in her eyes and realized that her heart was not his.

"It is all right," he had said to her in his kind, comforting voice, "my going to Europe as a love test for you worked—it proved that you do not love me." Then he had kissed her lightly, almost feebly, and gone away—out of her life forever.

For just one moment Peggy thought of the little yellow roadster, the evening gowns, opera tickets and trip

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## Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher

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DEAR MISS DOSCHER:

I read your column daily and would like some advice on the hair question.

My hair has been bobbed for over a month, and I have expected an improvement, as I thought the relief from matting and putting it up would do it some good. My hair is neither thick nor thin, but I think it is coming out now more

than it should and even more than it did before. Do you think it could be the use of a curling fluid? This particular fluid curls it beautifully, but I am beginning to think that it is not doing my hair any good. I thought it was not good to shampoo my hair too often (I use a multifunctional coconut oil preparation) so I used powdered orris root, but now I've heard that it's bad for your hair too and gives you dandruff. My hair gets terribly greasy and I've either got to use the orris root or the shampoo. My scalp is beginning to itch terribly.

IRENE.

I do not know just what curling fluid you use, so I cannot say, but most all of the curling fluids have a tendency to make the hair brittle. I think you may find that an egg shampoo will agree with your hair. The reason you have found trouble with the dry shampoo is because you have used it too often and in connection with the curling fluid. You will get benefit from the nightly massage and a careful brushing and airing of your hair. You cannot expect your hair to increase its growth if you keep it dry and brittle and at the same time excessively curly. Just a few drops of liquid vaseline or olive oil thoroughly rubbed into the scalp will stop the itching and prevent dandruff.

Dear Miss Doscher: I would greatly appreciate your answer to the following question: I have a little girl with a little wave in her hair. I curl her hair daily (not putting it up), just with a comb and brush. Her curls don't seem to stay in place very long. Is there anything I can use to keep them in place without harming the hair?

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

You might try the occasional use of the following:  
Gum of tragacanth..... 1/2 pt.  
Rosewater..... 1 pt.  
Oil of sweet almond..... 1 pt.  
Break up the tragacanth into small pieces and soak in the rosewater. Allow to stand in a warm place and shake occasionally until the gum is softened thoroughly, making a jelly-like mass. Strain the mass through muslin and a second time through boiling cloth, then add the oil and mix thoroughly.

## Time

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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I AM the one unfeeling monitor of man.

Forever and ever, always and always.

Through me everything and anything can be.

Without me all is lost.

There are those on whom I hang heavily,

And they are poor indeed.

For they have naught to do.

And then some there are who have too little of me

In which to dare and do the deeds

That are forever worth while.

Youth is impatient of me,

And will not wait.

But ever learns the lesson to abide with me.

Old age looks forward with frowns at my coming.

But does not reckon how much I have given him.

Hungry hearts, suffering souls cry and sigh.

Little knowing that I am ever present.

Never failing in my one mission.

Softening the wounds of the world.

There are those who would stay my hand

And hasten things that should wait.

But evermore find it fruitless folly.

I move mountains and stop streams.

I work wonders.

With machinery man has made through me.

There is no problem

I will not solve.

And if a troubled one but let me

I will adjust his cares.

None can say me nay or aye

Forever and ever.

For I am kind in my life and death.

And e'en after man has shuffled off his mortal coil

I proclaim his good works and his bad.

I am the servant of sorrow.

And only ask the pay of patience.

I am the healer of all ills.

I am the dealer of all destinies.

I only ask that man make the most of me—the best or me—

To use me to good purpose and I will return a hundredfold.

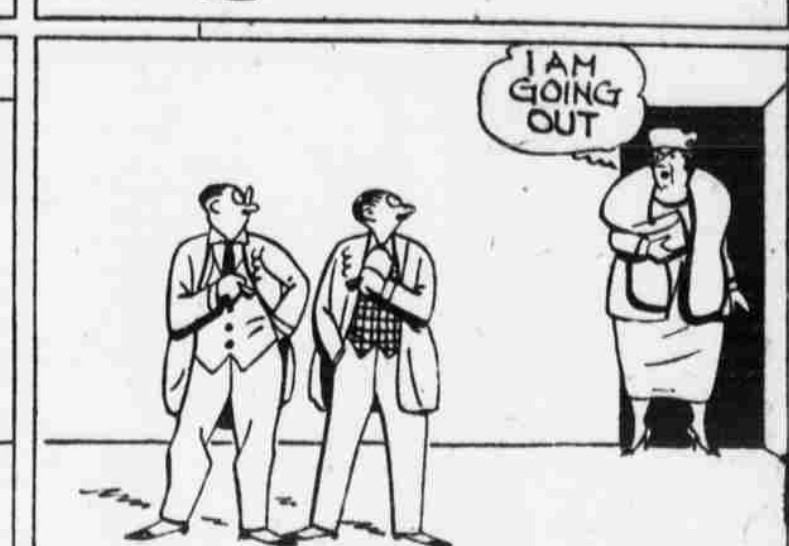
For I am the faithful friend of all.

I am Time!

## Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1922,  
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By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WHERE'S your car?" panted

Miss Bernice Badger.

"Where's your car?"

Mr. Jarr, who was held up by Mrs.

Strayer, the hostess, as the musicale

broke up, murmured that his car was

somewhere down the line.

"Your motor car, your motor car,"

meant," gasped Miss Bernice Badger,

closing her eyes and fluttering

the lids, which is a sign of excessive

nervous strain in the movies and high

society.

"My motor car is still at the Five

and Ten-Cent Store," replied Mr.

Jarr.

Miss Bernice Badger, the amateur

psycho-analyst, opened her eyes and

gave him a look indicating the disdain

complex.

"I thought I was talking to Mr.

Stickleback," she remarked icily.

"The strain is too great. I expand

too much," she gasped again, and

then Mrs. Jarr noticed that Mr.

Stickleback, the wealthy inventor of

the "Sweet Sixteen Vanity Case for

School Girls," had come out into the

vestibule, as had Mrs. Jarr.

Col. Andrew Jackson Billups, the

professional Southerner, was still be-

ing reminded of the Mike-and-Pat

stories and the singularly appropriate

remarks—appropriate to everything

ever after, it would seem, made by

Uncle Mose, further described as "a

genuine befo' de wah ducky."

"Has anything happened?" asked

Mr. Stickleback, anxiously. "I saw

Mr. Jarr steal away and Mr. Strayer

follow."

"No, I'm better now," murmured

the psycho-analyst. And her concern

was not feigned. She was afraid if

Mr. Stickleback did not come soon

she would have to walk home or hire

a taxi.

In fact, everybody was now in the

vestibule, with the exception of Col.

Billups, who was still telling a merry

dialect story in which Mike and Pat

matched their wits against the philo-

sophical prosody of another one of

the Colonel's interminable old dardies.

The Countess of Heshugh stuck

by him as an audience and also to

watch for a chance to pick up any

stray article of value, for the friends

of the Countess were very proud and

also very watchful of the fact that

the Countess was suspected of being

a kleptomaniac, and during dull social

seasons the Countess was suspected

of being self-supporting by her

sleight-of-hand feats in the depart-

ment stores.

"She is all soul!" cried one of the

guests, gazing rapturously at the

Countess. "She gives too much of

herself!"

All the others crowded around the

Countess and began to boast her—

least Mr. Jarr said that's what it was.

"She is too sensitive!" cried another.

"She is too high strung!" exclaimed

a third.

Whereupon Col. Billups, now out in

the vestibule also, forgot to be re-

minded of some particularly fitting

befo' de wah ducky or Mike-and-Pat

story, but stuck his open hand

against his brow and belittled till his

whole face was as red as his nose.

"By Jove, sah!" she is the for-

most woman in America! She con-

quillates, sah! She dominates! And

by Jove, sah! She soars to transcen-

dental realms upon the pinions of

poesy and romance!"

It was finally decided that the

Countess must be conveyed to a tax-

cab, paid for by Mr. Stickleback, and

taken around the block for fresh air,

and Mrs. Jarr was appointed lady-

waiting.

"Now I can relax," sighed the

Countess, and she fell asleep to the

purring of the taximeter.

## Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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"DEAR MISS VINCENT: Six

months ago I met a sweet

young girl and fell in

love with her. Her attractive

disposition and attentions to me

went straight to my heart. After

returning from a little trip out

of town I was informed that she had

been about with other chaps and

said she did not care for me. I

failed to call and intended to

drop her off my list. Then I

learned that an enemy had con-

coated these stories. Now how

can I win her affections again?

"A. B."

Call upon her some evening, assum-

ing your old cordial manner. If she